

The History of

Cousin, on Wednesday next, our Conncell wee will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to bee done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.
West. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon Benches
after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly,
which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a deuill haſt thou to
doe with the time of the day? Vleſſe houres were cups of
Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds,
and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne
himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffara; I ſee no
reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperſtuous to demand the time
of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take
purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuē Starres, and not by *Phœbus*,
he, that wandring Knight ſo faire; and I prethee, ſweet wagge,
when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould
ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee pro-
logue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nights body, bee called Theeues of the
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianæ*s Forreſters, Gentlemen of the
ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, wee bee men of
good government, being governed as the ſea is, by our noble
and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; vnder whole countenance we
ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayſt well, and it holdes well too, for the for-
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like
the Sea, being governed as the Sea is by the Moone; as for
proofe

Henry the Fourth.

proofe: Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on *Mun-*
day night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; got
with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying Bring in: now in
as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as
high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

Fal. By the Lord thou ſayeſt true, Lad: and is not my Ho-
ſteſſe of the *Tauerne* a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hible*, my old Lad of the Caſtle; and is
not a Buſſe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durancer?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wagge, what, in thy quips
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buſſe
Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoſteſſe
of the *Tauerne*?

Fal. Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning many a time
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

Prince. Yea and elſewhere, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch,
and where it would not, I haue vſd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo vſd it, that were it not heere apparant that
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there be
Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſo-
lution thus ſnubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old father an-
tick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare by the Lord Ile be a brane Iudge.

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue the
hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman hath
no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat,
or a lugd-Bear.

Prince. Of an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneſhire* Bagpipe.

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of
Moore.